

Zakk Wylde & Black Label Society "Phoney Smiles & Fake Hellos"

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You, yeah you, yeah you
You got a cardboard cutout soul
Just a powertripping, mindraping, backstabbing junkie
Thinking your hype is true
You, yeah you, yeah you
Respect ain't a word you know
You're just a fabricated lie that doesn't exist
Dropping names wherever you go

[CHORUS]

Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

You, yeah you, yeah you
Thinking you know it all
35 years old with a wife and two kids
Still living and your mother's home
You, yeah you, yeah you
A sellout and a social whore
You'd sell your mother's soul just to get ahead
A disease down to the core

[Chorus]

You, yeah you, yeah you
Still haven't figured what it is you do
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego
Until your 15 minutes are through
You, yeah you, yeah you
A conscience deaf and blind
I'm driving the hearse without remorse
Killing you and your kind

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